A DREAM CITY.

DAWN.

The hush of the after-midnight.
As the footsteps wax and wane,
In the startled eve of a lifeless hour
Near the dying ember's flame.
The swell of the dawn's first trifle
Is the moan of a rising gale,
And the sigh of the waking sleeper is
As the first breath in the sail.

DAY.

The clamor of noonday stirring
Is the echo of Nature's voice,
Beating gray shores with her nightly flail,
While the battling waves rejoice
And ever the million faces
Are the roar of the human to me—
Can conjure the thought of a castaway
On that relentless sea!

DUSK.

I pass by the perfumed women,
And use flowers all breathe of death;
Like vanishing tones, air-swallowed,
Of the land lovers through the mask.
The things that dance by the lover's gate
Bring motifs to my candle light.
And the cries of the pleasure city shrieked
Like forest sounds by night!

THE NIGHT.

But the moon on the sleeping city—
Hush, word that would thought cost!
Hush!
The glory of silence's castles rising
Up in enchanting inner space!
The paths of light at the cross streets
Are the road where the hosts have trod
And the gleams of fire on the wakeful
fall'boned
Sentinels of God!

—Stephen Chalmers, in the New York Times.

..METEK, THE PROVIDER..

By Fisher Ames, Jr.

OTIMAIT chanted, "Metek, thy peevk nahme?"

It was no alleviation to Metek's anguish that there were no human ears to hear the tormenting words, except those in the four forlorn igloos that broke the white level of the great sobre like snow blisters.

Blanket seals on the wind, and goes one cannot tell whence. The things that live in the cold blue ravines of the great bergs always fear of it when a man is nahme; the evil spirits of the cliffs and those that dwell in the caves under the ice-belt fear of it.

And when a man is thus marked, sooner or later he goes forth from the village never to return. For the mighty help only the strong. The Arctic has small use for a man who is nahme. She blots him out.

Ever since his father had been caught in his usual place, and dragged under the floe, Metek had tried manfully to provide for his mother and baby sister. But fortune had been against him. For two months the family had lived on scraps, and this during a winter of unprecedented want.

The three men of the tiny village never asked him to go hunting with them now. They paid less attention to him than to little Tooky, still cradled in her mother's hood.

They spoke to Ootimiah, on the contrary, as one man to another, and Ootimiah was surely a year older than Metek. But Ootimiah, the lucky, had brought two seals home to the famishing tupiks.

Thus Metek pursued his despairing thoughts in a circle, and although they sometimes ended in a black and black and angry that he yearned to strike at Ootimiah with a knife, and lance, he kept doggedly at his work. Every day he went forth on his vain excursions over the floe, or climbed to the ice-cap of the cliffs to inspect the fox traps.

The day came, however, when Metek turned on his tormenter.

"Silence, lump of fat!" he shouted. "If you are hungry, be thankful. Put the dogs to thy sledge and we will see who is nahme. We will come back with meat or not at all!"

Ootimiah stared at him like an appreciative dumpling. Underneath his fats his mean little heart bounded at this surprising outbreak. He had thought that Metek was cowed by adversity.

"Ho!" he said, when he had recovered himself somewhat. "If you are so hungry I will hear you out on your words. Then you will have plenty of wind in the belly, which is filling."

He laughed unctuously at his joke, but at the same time he fastened the three best dogs of his father's pack to the light sledge of pieced bone, and forced his rotund person into more form, until his coats lay upon him like the shards of an onion. Also he put under the sledge two strips of blubber and a frozen sea dipper, which is excellent to chaw on. Ootimiah lo-ho, all that Metek was hunting for, he wished to make sure of catching them.

Metek's mother merely grunted, and took a fresh grip with her bare toes on the stiff reindeer skin she was sewing when Metek bade her good-by. He crawled out through the tockoon and jumped on his sledge so perfectly as if he expected to see her again.

The cross wind blew sky hung over them, and it was piercing cold. The air was still. The granulated surface of the floe afforded the dogs a firm foothold.

Ootimiah tried to entice Metek into a race; but when the latter refused with force his team, he lolled back against the upstanders and crooned softly to himself, thinking how he would jeer at Metek when the excursion was over.

At noon they halted on a mass of pale ghttuonously bolted his blubber, but Metek gave the larger part of his scanty stock of provisions to his dog.

"Huh!" grunted Ootimiah, looking with scornful eyes at the latter's ribs. "You have only a woman's heart. To-morrow you will be whining for food."

"If it is there, I will get it," was said Metek. "A good hunter cares for his dogs first."

Ootimiah, still scornful, tucked himself snugly into the sledge and crackled his whip.

As the afternoon wore on, the ice became rougher. Here and there the floe had squeezed and forced up great blocks of crystal; but lanes of level ice ran between, and the dogs went briskly forward.

As he rode, Ootimiah's glance swept the grey expanse. Suddenly he saw a crack or a hole to be seen. The dead sound of the dogs' feet told his experienced ear that the ice had thickened. Pale spots in the dusk ahead betrayed the presence of bergs. Break and drear as it was about the igloo village, this was a region still more inhospitable.

Toward night the wind rose. Ootimiah, who was bored, began to feel cold and uneasy. He blew on his cheeks to warm them, and now and then he glanced curiously at Metek. He had not expected to find his companion so obstinate.

When they camped for the night in the lee of a hummock, Ootimiah thought it was the last straw. He kept her charm of manner and beauty of person until she was eighty.

"Mme. Ferry, who celebrated her sixty-first birthday last spring, has no wrinkles, gray hairs or crowsfeet, but looks like a young woman of thirty. Her Majesty, Queen Alexandra, is sixty years old, and is a perfect beauty and looks as well as either of the daughters." Dr. Crichton, who had the pleasure of seeing her often, says that of Her Majesty: "She is a beautiful, preserved woman, a noble mother and a charming grandmother. She never uses powder, creams and seldom wears a veil."—New Haven Register.

Tenement Lace Making.

"A thoroughly interesting experiment in lace making has been carried out this summer at Greenwich house, on New York's lower east side, under the direction of Miss Katharine Lord." The current number of Charities says: "Those who know the picturesque stories which are woven into exquisite lace work will have come down to us know that in several instances the art of their fashioning has been almost, if not quite, lost. Many of the Italian women in the tenement districts are skilled lace makers, but their materials are more often than not of the roughest sort and of colors objectionable. Love, romance, tragedy and death are connection with the work at South End house, Boston, until it is quite past the experimental stage, and the success of this summer's venture leads those who have it in charge to feel that the time is such as the case also in New York. Over thirty girls and women have been engaged in the two workrooms, and the narrow pleating have been revived, and from one known precisely where they will stop.

It must be a sort of annoyance to the pleasure seeker that again the lines of the figure have changed, and that the new solid flesh has now to be by some means disposed of before the clothes are fashionable. In fact, to be truly smart one must have a figure like the traditional sylph—very long and quite straight up and down.

—12.

How a Porcupine Fights.

A dog never attacks a porcupine but once. If he is quick enough, the lesson is enough to make him wise in the way of porcupines ever after.

Nothing, and when at ease, the quills and hoary hair of the porcupine lie flat upon his back, but when angered he bristles up, and every part of him, even to his toes and the tip of his nose, is protected by the armament of sharp quills. His plan of fighting is wholly on the defensive, and so determinate is his retaliation beyond that to the attacking one that even the bear, the panther and the lynx will hot molest him.

That is why the porcupine knows no fear, and why he comes abruptly, into the open and calmly investigates things. He has yet to learn that there is anything smarting rife are the quills of his enemies, even behind and Los Angeles Times.

Woman's Realm

Evolution of Flower Pots.

When you buy a potted plant from a fashionable florist nowadays he does not send it home in the ordinary red clay pot such as has been in use from time out of mind, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. The plant is delivered in a receptacle of the conventional shape, but it is covered with fine straw bound round with raffia that is either painted a soft green or a dull shade of red. These bindings are fashioned in some pleasing designs and are varnished, so that the whole thing is ready to stand as an ornament just as it is. These plants may cost high, but there is one economy in buying them. You do not have to purchase a jardiniere to put them in.

Gowns and Uniforms.

The practice of uniforming our servants and officials proceeds apace, Middle-aged people can recall the objections that were made to the practice when it was first introduced. Why was the multitude of uniforms put into circulation by that momentous incident of the royal visit, it seemed to them, that reconciled the public to the extension of the habit of distinctive dress. As the uniforms multiplied the characteristic apparel except his rags, of the individual wearer could be read, its tin star was authority enough when he arrested the aforesaid, and as servants and officials increased in the land family the idea of putting them into livery was unbreaked of.

But while it is talked largely of the equality of men in a democracy and the equality of women, it is not to be denied a service that none thought disgraceful—or they would not have accepted it—the European division of costuming people according to their employments has obtained such hold on us that we should object loudly if it were discontinued. As the butler is commonly a more distinguished looking person than most of the guests he has to wear buttons to prevent him self from becoming a subject of mortifying confidences, and as the district messenger is a youth of headlong habits, he must have his cap and livery in blue, so that he shall have right of way when he surges through crowded streets eager to break records in speed of delivery. We have extended this habit of uniforming till now we recognize not only our soldiers, sailors, marines and policemen, as such, but our letter carriers, express officers, building inspectors, conductors, train hands, ferrymen, janitors, elevator men, nurses, wardens, street cleaners and not only do clubs and families uniform their servants, but many shopkeepers and corporations require their employes to wear a striking dress.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Some Funny Fashions.

Some of the new fashions are going to be mighty foolish for a girl getting ready to wheel. It will be very chance for her to make herself conspicuous and ridiculous if she wants to do it.

Her hat, which was perched on top of an enormous pompadour, was of the pancake variety, and her dress was wings on it that it is a wonder it did not fly off for a hurry.

Her waist was a cheap white lace and she wore a string of pearls around her neck.

Her skirt was of thin black material, the underskirt was far too scant for the outside.

She had patent leather shoes on with bows three inches high.

She is employed in an office, and that was her business costume.

Every one she met stared at her and turned to look after her. The glances were not those of admiration.

Her clothes were inappropriate, and the picture of her in the bloomer costume was made with an accordion pleated skirt of white mousseline de soie, the net formed the long over-dress.

Very charming is a lace blouse in cream color with separate flowers and leaves scattered over it and mounted applied in graceful designs, says Vogue.

A little invention for the neck is set, like a wide collar, and gives a very pretty effect indeed. It is worn inside the coat, and is a sort of chest protector, hence its name of "muffin."

Every one must have noticed the revival of the scallop as a dress decoration. Many of the Paris models display cloth street gowns are thus decorated, the effect given being one of graceful fluffiness.

In the early seventies gowns were made with a train and with flounces of yards of narrow ruffles or pleatings. We are not cutting up materials in such reckless fashion nowadays, but the narrow pleating have been revived, and from one knows precisely where they will stop.

"The plan Miss Lord has followed has been to purchase the thread and give it out, and then buy the lace from the workers—much after the fashion in which all industry was carried on in the domestic stage. With the younger girls the instruction has, of course, been very elementary; but with the skilled French embroiderer, with the Italian who has learned the art from her mother, or the Irish braid laces and the like, and with some Scotch women not unlike the Italian as well as the Irish, the instruction has been needed to teach them a new design. It is believed that when a sufficient number of workers are employed, so that contracts with merchants can be closed with advantage, work can be assured women and girls to take up lace making in their homes and to spend their spare time profitably in the manufacture of what is now the most expensive of fabrics. Usually from three to four pounds and the females from three to three and a half. They are country parts in all else but color of the brown Leghorns, and possess all and possibly more of the many good traits of the

WHITE LEGHORN MALE.

Leghorn family. They are slightly larger than the brown Leghorns, and their eggs are about the same in size of the larger breeds. They are sprightly and always on the hustle, though not quarrelsome, and consequently peaceful, and a dozen hens may be kept in very small space.

Many people on the farm object to them on account of their color, claiming that they are always easy prey to hawks and small animals which prey on the poultry yard, but this view has been hardly well taken, since it has been shown that the broods are constantly being reduced even among those that are totally black.

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Tenderfoot Sure.

It was all on account of the color. Fenwick Hall, a boy about 16 years old, although he is very much grown for his age, was arrested last week, after having run away.

The boy persons assembled in the police rooms, and a "conscript" service was held. Hymns were sung, an assembler prayer and reward prayers were offered for the souls of the unfortunate.

This is the first service of its kind in Bacup, but prayer meetings in connection with the police custom are common enough in Lancashire.

Hall, who at the commencement of the proceedings gave concern to Rochdale detectives, behaved the workspeople every morning, and engaged in prayer for a few minutes.—London Telegraph.

Cancer, Blood Poison and Scrofula.

If you have blood poison producing sores and ulcers, scrofula, cancerous growths and risings, burning, aching skin, eczema, salt rheum, boils, pimples, carbuncles, blood poison on the skin, tetter, bone pains, old rheumatism or catarrh in any form, S. S. S. will cure you. It kills the poison in the blood—forces it out through the pores of the skin, subside, aches and pains stop and a perfect cure is made of the worst cases of Poison.

Cancers, tumors, swellings, rating ugly ulcers, persistent pimples of all kinds, take S. S. S. at once. Every drop of poison in the blood, heals cancer of all kinds cures the worst humors or stopping swellings. Thousands cured by S. S. after all else fails. B. B. B. composed of pure botanic ingredients, improves the digestion, enriches the blood, makes rich, stops the awful itching and all skin diseases. Druggists, $1 per bottle, complete directions for home treatment in plain English free and prepaid by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe your case and special medical advice also sent in sealed letter.

Let your Christmas charity develop into morning scheme.

cured in 30 minutes by Mother Seigel's Syrup. Lotion; never fails. Sold by druggists. Mail orders promptly filled. Dr. Detchon, Crawfordsville, Ind. 47.

Japanese silk underwear for ladies.

der's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum n Nature's great remedy—Cures Coughs, Croup and Consumption, and all throat lung troubles. At druggists, 25c., 50c., and $1.00.

A Fair Exchange.

An original scheme evolved by a certain tobacco merchant to introduce goods worked to the satisfaction of physician to whom this dealer a box of cigars with a bill for five dollars. The physician sent the five dollars and received in return a box of cigars and a bill for five dollars. The cigars were smoked by the physician and found to be of excellent quality, and the bill was paid. Then the tobacco merchant sent to the physician another bill for five dollars, and received in return a box of cigars and a bill for five dollars. The physician smoked the cigars and found them